O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seeſt thou this ſweete ſight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offreſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame deawe which ſometime on the buddes,
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue mee, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.
Be, as thou waſt wont to bee:
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,
Hath ſuch force, and bleſſed power.
Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me thought I was enamourd of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his viſage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin*, take off this head:
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe: of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.

Ti. Muſick, howe muſick: ſuch as charmeth ſleepe. *Speepe.*

Rob. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fools eyes

Ob. Sound Muſick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnely
Daunce, in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire proſperitie.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in ſilence ſad,
Trippe we after nights ſhade:
We, the Globe, can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theſeus *and all his traine.* *Winde horne.*

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forreſter:
For now our obſeruation is performde.
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple, in the weſterne vallie, let them goe:
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the forreſter.
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.